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HEARST'S

BOSTON AMERICAN

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WEATHER FORECAST. Fair and Cold To-night, Tuesday

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DEFENCE SEEKS THIS GIRL FRIEND OF EVELYN THAW

Mazie Follette, whose testimony may aid materially in the defence of Harry Thaw, has been mysteriously missing for weeks. Counsel for the prisoner are making every effort to locate her.

"MY MOTHER DID NOT SELL EVELYN TO WHITE"

—HOWARD NESBIT

Brother of Harry Thaw's Wife, in Statement to American, Tells Why He Will Take Witness Stand Against His Sister's Husband—Vindicates His Mother.

BY BOSTON AMERICAN LEASED WIRE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28—Casting blame upon his beautiful sister, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, and making a strong defense of his mother's association with Stanford White, for whose murder Harry K. Thaw is on trial, Howard Nesbit, the brother of the defendant's wife, to-day, in a written statement, gave his reasons for appearing in the trial as a witness for the prosecution.

Howard Nesbit denies with all the emphasis at his command the stories that Evelyn was practically sold to White by her mother.

At this critical period the young man comes to the front as the friend of White and the enemy of the sister who is fighting for the life of her husband, and who, in order to save it, will bare her heart's secrets to the world from the witness stand.

This is the remarkable statement of young Nesbit:

By Howard Nesbit.

In order that anyone may understand our position in regard to the Thaw case—and by "our" I refer to my mother and myself—it is necessary for him to place himself in a similar position. Without implying what may be the degree of importance that my testimony may possess, the matter was put squarely up to me in this form—either to lay myself open to the charge of aiding to convict Mr. Thaw, possibly out of revenge, or to stay away from the trial remain silent, and allow my mother to suffer under the implications that have been cast upon her.

There are two things which I wish thoroughly understood. My feelings toward Mr. Thaw are indifferent, as far as they can be. By that I mean—and I wish it emphasized—that I am not bitter, that I am not seeking revenge on him. If vengeance is to come it will not come through me, only in so far as my truthful, unbiased statements on the stand may weigh for or against him.

Mr. Thaw is my sister's husband, and because of that I could not help but regret if the trial terminated in the worst way possible to him. The law will act as equally with him as it does with any other man, no matter how rich or how poor he may be.

"To Defend My Mother."

The other thing I wish understood is that my object above all others is to defend my mother. It is not necessary to go over the charges that have been brought against her. Some of them have openly been published, while others have only been hinted at.

It also seemed to me that a question of what might be my duty to the memory of Mr. White would enter into the case. Mr. White as my benefactor, and the sincere and honest friend of my mother, earned my deep appreciation and gratitude. Should I do what little I could to defend his name, or stay silent and not attempt to lift the charges that have been buried at him?

"Woud Break My Heart."

I have no hesitation in declaring that so deeply do I respect and honor the memory of Mr. White that should it be proved to me that my faith in him was misplaced, it would nearly break my heart.

My faith in him is open to challenge. I have no fear of the result. I do not know what questions may be asked of me on the stand, either by the District Attorney or Mr. Thaw's lawyers. But whatever they are or whatever my answers may indicate, I shall tell nothing except the truth. What the effect may be I do not know, and I am not worried as to that.

If there is a son worthy of the name in this country who would refrain from clearing the name of a mother who has been insulted as mine has, even if he were accused of trying to revenge himself upon the man who played her in such a false position, his conscience and sense of duty must be less sensitive than mine are.

My mother has been charged with selling her daughter. That is a lie, absolutely and without qualification. That will be proved. I do not care who brings this charge or from what source it may come; it is unqualifiedly false. Good sense and discretion, not self-interest, has induced my mother to remain absolutely silent from the sight of lie number until to-day.

WOULD NOT INJURE THAW.

Her aim and unselfish object has been to refrain from doing or saying anything that might prejudice the case of the defendant. And even now, if she is defended at the trial, it will be in consequence of assertions which some of the witnesses for the defence may be expected to make.

My mother has suffered deeply. Even now she is in ill from the strain and the worry to which she has been subjected. We could not prevent her from hearing some of those dreadful stories, although we have tried to keep her from reading or hearing them.

Some newspapers have gone so far as to intimate that she and my father have been holding back, hoping to receive sums of money from the Thaws for not taking sides. If all the money the Thaws have should be placed before either my father or my mother they would not be swerved from

Continued on Page 2, Column 2.

'I'LL NOT BREAK DOWN, FOR HARRY NEEDS ME'--EVELYN

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, according to the Philadelphia Inquirer of to-day, made the following statement to one of its staff of correspondents. The Inquirer says the statement was submitted to Thaw's lawyer, who sanctioned its publication:

By Evelyn Nesbit Thaw.

After these months of weary waiting I am happy that Harry's trial is at last under way. No one can know how much I dreaded the ordeal of the first day, and I suffered from stage fright when I had to face that terrible crowd of people that greeted us and followed us at every turn at our entrance to the court building.

The policemen are so very kind, and do all in their power to protect us from the gaze of the curious, but it has taken all of their efforts to force the crowds back and it is a great relief to me to get inside the courtroom each time.

Loyal to Her Friend, May McKenzie.

My friend, Miss McKenzie, has been a great comfort to me, and has been my constant companion in the lonely hours of the last three months. Is it any wonder that I want her near me now?

Naturally it would not be advisable for me to talk about the case itself. Harry's lawyers would not like it very well if I were to do so. They have told me that I must not discuss the situation, and this is really all that I can say, except that I am full of hope that all will end well.

"It Will Never Do to Break Down."

It is not the pleasantest thing in the world to be stared at as if one were a monstrosity of some sort.

So much has been said about how pale I looked and my swollen eyes and my loss of weight that I am glad to be able to say that I am really feeling quite well—as well as one might be expected to feel under the circumstances.

It would never do for me to break down. I shall not, for Harry needs me. He is very brave and tries to make me look on the bright side always.

I am very much pleased with the seven jurors selected. They all look like men who will give Harry a fair trial. The selection of the jury is tedious and it will soon be over, I hope. Then the real battle will be before us.

These months have been so trying that it is a relief to see the end near.

Interstate Commission in Report To-day

BARES STANDARD'S CRIMES

Scathing Arraignment of the Oil Monopoly in Document Submitted to Congress.

Bribery, Fraud, False Pretences, Debauchery of State Officials Some of the Charges.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—The most terrific arraignment of the Standard Oil Company yet made by either private or public investigators was that filed with Congress to-day by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Every conceivable corporate crime, from discrimination and false pretences to bribery, corruption of the press and debauchery of public officials, is contained in the catalogue of charges.

After a ten and painstaking investigation ordered by Congress, in which hundreds of witnesses were examined in various cities, and ample opportunity was given the oil monopoly to defend itself, the commission makes a report that completely overshadows the sensational disclosures revealed in the report of Commissioner of Corporations Gardeld on the same subject last May.

The commission's report says in part:

"The ruin of its competitors has been a distinct part of the policy of the Standard Oil Company in the past, systematically and persistently pursued.

Cites New York & New Haven.

"The commission long ago pointed out that the railway schedules of this country were filled with discriminations of this character in favor of the Standard Oil Company, which could not, as the law then stood, be corrected. The commission refers to its report or decision in the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad case, which involved refusal of that road to join in through rates upon petroleum, as it did upon other commodities, and wherein it was shown that the Standard thereby obtained a monopoly of the territory covered by that railroad system and directly put into its treasury between $200,000 and $300,000 per year. The commissioner of corporations has collected in his report many instances of a similar character.

"The Standard Oil Company largely monopolizes the handling of petroleum from the mouth of the well until it is sold to the retailer, and sometimes to the consumer, and under ordinary circumstances its margin of profit is very large.

"While the Standard has not received rebates, it has nevertheless enjoyed secret rates possessing all of the elements of illegal rates, and the advantages so obtained over independent shippers have been of very great value to that company. These secret rates are indicated in the very full report made by the Commissioner of Corporations.

"Numerous instances of discrimination

Continued on Page 5, Column 1.

Standard Oil Crimes Named In Report Made to Congress

Here are some of the crimes charged against the Standard Oil Company by the Interstate Commerce Commission in its report submitted to Congress to-day:

Discrimination.
False pretences.
Fraud.
Bribery.
Knifing of competitors.
Monopolization.
Corruption of the press.
Debauchery of State inspectors.

$1,000,000 DAMAGE BY SPRINGFIELD FIRE

PHELPS PUBLISHING PLANT DESTROYED BY EARLY MORNING CONFLAGRATION.

Special to the Boston American.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 28.—The most disastrous fire from a financial standpoint in the history of the city occurred early this morning, when the three large buildings of the Phelps Publishing Company, the largest publishers of farm papers in the world, were destroyed, entailing a loss of $1,000,000. The only thing of practical value that was saved was the mailing list containing 2,000,000 names.

Following is a list of the losses, as estimated by President Herbert Myrick:

Fifteen large presses, $30,000.
Eight linotype machines, presses and machinery, $500,000.
The main building, $100,000.
The binding plant, $20,000.
The electrotyping plant, $10,000.
Loss of stock, $70,000.
Total, $1,000,000.
The insurance on the plant will be almost $500,000.

Employs 600 Hands.

The Phelps company printed The Orange Judd Farmer, The American Agriculturist, Farm and Home, The New England Homestead and The Good House. 300 men, 200 girls and 100 boys. President Myrick says that the plant will be rebuilt, but this cannot be accomplished for several months.

The fire started from spontaneous combustion in the sub-basement of the main four-story building on Washington street at 2:15 this morning. When the engines arrived the flames had spread to the second building, a structure not so large as the first, but having five stories.

Explosions and Flames.

On account of the inflammable materials in the stock room of the plant the blaze gained on the department until the three buildings were doomed. During the progress of the conflagration there were several small explosions.

The firemen worked under the greatest of difficulties, as the water from the dozen streams played on the buildings froze quickly as it sprayed against the men.

The company was established in 1878 by E. H. Phelps. The firm has branch publishing houses in New York and Chicago, and the publication of the farm magazines will be continued from these cities.

HOWARD NESBIT DEFENDS MOTHER, BLAMES SISTER

Youth Declares Stanford White Was Loyal Friend, and to Disbelieve in Him Now "Would Break My Heart."

Continued from First Page.

the course they know is right. They would do just as they have been doing, and as they are now doing.

No children ever had a better mother than my sister and I. She struggled worked and almost starved for us. Possibly it will never be known what trials and privations she experienced in trying to keep the family together; to bring us up properly.

Regardless of her own statement that she is feeling well, she shows plainly the strain she is under. Her eyes are circled with great dark rings.

Evelyn is in the care of a physician, but despite his orders for quiet and rest she persists on coming to court. Miss MacKenzie tells her friends that Evelyn is nearing a state of complete collapse.

The Countess of Yarmouth made her reappearance in court to-day. She has been ill since the first day of the trial. She came to court with Mrs. William Thaw, Mrs. George Lauder Carnegie and Edward Thaw. There was only the faintest sign of recognition between Mrs. Carnegie and Evelyn, beside whom she sat.

Mrs. William Thaw and the Countess didn't notice Evelyn or May MacKenzie. The Countess wore a long dark cloth suit, and her face was half concealed by a heavy veil. She sat with her brother, Edward, just in front of Mrs. Thaw.

Thaw Under Mental Stress.

When the court convened and the young millionaire had passed to his seat, it became evident that he was laboring under some mental stress. He only partly glanced at the faces of mother and wife as he hurried to his seat, and at once began a long, earnest conversation with Mr. Peabody, one of his counsel.

EIGHTH JUROR FOR THAW IS CHOSEN

By Boston American Leased Wire.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—Charles D. Newton, married, a retired manufacturer, of No. 373 West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street, was chosen as the eighth Thaw juror shortly after noon to-day.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—Forcing that there might not be enough talesmen remaining with which to complete the jury to try Harry K. Thaw, only 90 of the original 200 being left from which to select the last few men, a new panel of 100 talesmen was drawn at the opening of the trial to-day.

Additional interest was given to the proceedings when it was noticed that all of the members of the Thaw family who had previously been in attendance were present.

Miss May MacKenzie, the Boston actress friend of Evelyn Thaw, who was reported to have caused dissensions in the family, walked into court with the pretty wife of the prisoner. The dress worn by Evelyn Thaw was the same as she has worn since the opening of the case. To-day, however, she wore a white instead of a blue veil.

MOTHER TO TELL ALL TO SAVE THAW

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—Mrs. William Thaw, the mother of Harry Thaw, is prepared to go upon the witness stand and lay bare the innermost secrets of the Thaw family to save her son from the electric chair.

Counsel for Thaw have consulted Mrs. Thaw regarding her testimony and she has told them that she is ready to make any sacrifice to free her son. The aged mother and proud head of the Thaw family will keep back nothing. Her testimony, it is said, will be convincing proof that the young man is subject to mental distresses, which border on insanity, and that these evidences of insanity have manifested themselves on various occasions for years.

The pathetic figure of the gray-haired mother forced to tell in open court all the secrets of her family, even though it crushes her heart with humiliation will bring the flush of shame to her face, and not be without its effect on the twelve men who are to pass judgment on the young man. Mrs. Thaw will tell the court, if it is finally decided to call her to the stand, of the wild escapades of the wilful son, whom only objection in life seemed to be the mad pursuit of pleasure. The mother will tell of his family history, which, it is said, will bring to light evidence of insanity in a collateral branch of the family.

Clifford W. Hartridge, chief counsel for Thaw, has made it known that the only defense for Thaw will be "temporary insanity." Mr. Hartridge says that he will bring sufficient evidence to light to show that beyond any question a doubt Thaw was insane at the time he shot White.

This line of defense was finally decided upon yesterday at an important conference held at the apartments of Delphin M. Delmas, senior counsel for Thaw. There were present at this conference besides Delmas, Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, Clifford W. Hartridge, Thaw's closest friend and legal adviser; John W. Gleason, James A. Delpike, Daniel O'Reilly and A. Russell Peabody, all of counsel for the defence.

JEROME FIGHTS TO BAR WHITE SECRETS

BY **Julian Hawthorne**

TO-DAY is the fourth session in Thaw's trial. The work done has been the selection of seven jurors. All look to be of good mental calibre and of social value. The prosecution relies on them to believe and to say that Thaw had no legal justification for killing Stanford White: and the defence asserts its confidence that they will so far accept Thaw's own view of the situation as to declare that he did have such justification.

The public, which stands between the two sides to the controversy, and is ignorant of the inside reality and, as yet secret facts or alleged facts, are regarded by one or the other party as inclining the scale of justice on this side or that, seems disposed to think that Thaw will be acquitted.

In other words, there is no prevalent hostility on the public's part toward Thaw. He killed his man, not secretly, cowardly or by stealth, or (as far as now appears) after long and cold premeditation; but openly and passionately, in the presence of hundreds of onlookers and as the immediate consequence of a provocation which all men regard as the more likely of others to overpower the self-control respect for the prohibition of law and for the continuance of social order.

Has Asked for Nothing But the Whole Truth.

He made no attempt to escape, and has ever since, during his long imprisonment, asserted his defence that a jury of his peers, once they were in possession of the true circumstances, will find him innocent, and that he demanded nothing in his own defence than that the whole truth shall be known.

Upon such a preliminary showing it is not surprising that the public sympathy and agitation has been impressed by tales of dissipations on the part of White and of men of his class—should bear rather to the side of Thaw than to that of the lex talionis code of blood for blood.

The revelations of the coming weeks may, however, so alter this outward aspect of things as to cause the public to reconsider its attitude. Mr. Jerome, in his questioning of talesmen, has solicitously impressed upon them that they are to take the law, as according to their personal prepossessions of what should be abstract justice, but strictly in obedience to the statute law of New York, as laid down to them by the Court.

This implies that all "unwritten law" are to be conscientiously disregarded and that any line of defence based on the alleged insanity of the prisoner will be considered with the utmost strictness of legal interpretation.

The District Attorney will furthermore, no doubt, seek so far as possible to prevent any inquiry into the general character of White's life, apart from its most direct bearing upon the events leading to his death, because in this way he will not so much ward off a telling blow in the defence as take away the weapon with which the latter might be delivered.

Regard Testimony Against White's Character Vital.

In this effort, however, Mr. Jerome will probably be met by all the resources and ingenuity of the defence, which feels the vital importance to its case of showing White to have been habitually and flagrantly addicted to debauchery, and to the peace of families and the virtue of women. If Jerome can keep the jury from believing that White, up to the period of the tragedy, had ever done evil to warn on they will regard a blow in defence of any assertion that he was guilty in the slightest degree to be atrocious.

A strenuous episode in the legal battle will occur over the question whether this point against or in favor of the accused. And the battle is to be fought in Jerome's side, the sacred ark of a large and powerful class, which has a vital interest in having nothing known which may have maintained the practice of disgusting and criminal vices and artistic orgies—ascribed by the defence to White. Any notice of anything him would involve or directly reflect upon them, and very serious social ructions might be the result.

Weighing such consequences, society would be apt to place its own security above the life of an individual such as Thaw, and on the principle that "it is well a widespread social scandal can save him, an immense public benefit will be put forth. It will be interesting to watch the outcome.

Justification Only Plea Thaw Would Consent To.

Undoubtedly this point must have been deeply considered by the lawyers for the defence in planning their recognition of the unseen forces behind Jerome, which inclined them to rely upon the plea of insanity rather than upon that of the unwritten law. But here they encountered the opposition of Thaw himself, who had so convinced himself of the halal turpitude of White's life and his kind, and who had worked himself into such a frenzy of anger against him and them, that he was not satisfied with killing White, but wished to drag the whole subject into the full living associates to be wholly beyond the pale of human sympathy and protection.

Thaw, one might almost say, would hardly care to have his action seem the result of forfeiting his moral justification for the killing, and be opposed to that quality plea because it would leave undisturbed this whole side of the case, which to him so fundamentally significant. On the other hand, the District Attorney and the group of men in society referred to, might be supposed to regard the latter plea of irresistence far less determined than that of irresponsibility, as they might under certain circumstances, be inclined to in the former.

In other words, the lawyers for the prosecution and for the defence might find themselves, though from different motives, moving hand in hand. The latter are primarily bound to save their client's life, without too fastidious considerations of his feelings; and the former, having in mind the objections to confronting juries to find verdicts of guilty in the first degree; might be willing enough to send their prisoner to an asylum and to let the seamy side of the life of some men of fashion remain undescribed.

Alienists Form for Jerome A Two-Edged Sword.

Two things may prevent this; one being a positive refusal on Thaw's part to co-operate with the insanity theory and the other the possession by the defence of pieces of evidence showing justification so powerful that no jury could be found to decide against it. There are some doubtful indications that such a piece of evidence may actually exist, but the secret has been well kept.

Further, the line of defence, is said to have stated that he will spring a surprise upon the jury; but there is as much strategy employed in a great trial that too much weight may easily be given to such remarks.

As for the insanity plea, the presence in court of "alienists" for the prosecution and for the defence, is not a new thing.

That the State intends to prove Thaw sane and thus guilty of murder in the first degree; or that it intends, by proving him sane in his own despite, to forestall all inquiry into White's private life, is regarded as certain by persons of the double-edged weapon. And the District Attorney can use one edge or the other according as the developments of the trial may seem to make probable or improbable the success of the justification plea.

In regard to Mr. Jerome's tactics against this plea, the rumor that he will open the proceedings by making Evelyn Thaw his witness is pertinent. By confining his interrogations to the events which immediately led up to the shooting, he would deprive the defence as cross-examiners of availing themselves of her knowledge and almost indispensable aid in exposing White's supposed misdoings.

Plan to Prevent Women From Aiding Thaw's Cause.

The same cause may be assigned for the State's subpoenaing of Miss McKenzie, another piece of evidence showing justification so powerful that no jury could be found to decide against it. There are some doubtful indications that such a piece of evidence may actually exist, but the secret has been well kept.

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Plan to Prevent Women From Aiding Thaw's Cause.

The same cause may be assigned for the State's subpoenaing of Miss McKenzie. These two women are thus to be prevented from aiding the cause they have at heart. They can be of no use to the prosecution other than this. The manner of the malicious and legally sound, though it may not raise our estimate of the identity with abstract justice of legal procedure.

Another noteworthy feature of the prosecution is the apparently voluntarily enlistment against Thaw, and his own wife, young Howard Nesbit. It is assumed that the usefulness of the prosecution to the other possession by the defence of pieces

NO SLEEP OR REST FOR WRETCHED MOTHER OF HARRY THAW

WITH ALL THEIR MILLIONS, SHE AND HER DAUGHTERS ARE MOST MISERABLE WOMEN IN WHOLE WORLD

MOST PITEOUS OF ALL IS WIFE

Wasting Away Under Sorrow and Anxiety, but a Ghost of Former Beautiful Self.

DO NOT CONCEAL MISERY

BY Dorothy Dix

IF the preachers had wanted a text yesterday on the vanity of earthly gauds and the powerlessness of riches and place to buy happiness, they might have found one of surpassing interest in the four women who wore away the long gray Sunday in their apartments at the Hotel Lorraine, and who had but to speak to command anything they wanted except the thing that they wanted most of all—peace of mind.

These women, perhaps the most miserable women in the world, were Mrs. William Thaw, the Countess of Yarmouth, Mrs. George Carnegie and Evelyn Nesbit Thaw.

About them was every article for pleasure that human ingenuity could devise. They were surrounded by every luxury that imagination could suggest or money purchase. Rich rugs covered the floors, but they brought no ease to the weary feet that paced to and fro, to and fro, in an agony of restlessness that made quietude a physical impossibility.

Beautiful pictures adorned the walls, but they appealed in vain to eyes that saw nothing but a man standing behind the iron bars of a prison cell, or facing the men who were to decide the issue of life and death for him.

Dainty meals were spread for them, but food turned to dust and ashes on tips from which appetite had fled. Soft beds awaited them, but they had no power to bring sleep to those whose very souls were torn with anxiety and anguish.

Not One Night's Sleep Since Son Shot White.

The humblest and poorest woman in the city, walking down Fifth avenue in the snow, but with the sun she bore, the brother she loved, or the husband she adored, safe and innocent, might well have turned pitying eyes up to the ice draped windows of this apartment that sheltered these women, whose wealth could not save them from shedding the bitterest tears that ever blister a woman's eyes.

What suffering Harry Thaw's mother has undergone since the night of the tragedy on the Madison Square Roof Garden, no one but another mother can fathom. She said, wearily and hopelessly, the other day to a Tombs attendant just as she was leaving the prison, that she had not had a single night's sleep or rest since her son killed Stanford White.

Always before her, night and day, waking or sleeping, is the thought of what her best beloved is enduring, for what he may be yet called upon to endure, and four clutches at her heart like an icy hand. No woman is so fortunate as not to have at some time watched at the bedside of someone she loved, while the Reaper clan fought death inch by inch and she hung between hope and despair and scarcely dared breathe lest that should happen which she dreaded.

The memory of the terrible suspense of such a night is a torture never to be forgotten. It is like a hideous scar on one's memory, and yet there is a

Boston American Daily Home Magazine

START THIS GREAT STORY TO DAY "THE BRACEBRIDGE DIAMONDS,"

OR, THE HEART OF A WOMAN.

A Story of Love and Adventure, Intrigue and Hate.

Don't Miss the Opening Chapters of This Present-Day Romance

SYNOPSIS

FRANK (the hero) and Reginald Bracebridge (cousins) meet a marvelously beautiful woman on the train at Saratoga. Woman, much preoccupied, exhibits abject terror upon sighting among party of new arrivals a foreign looking man. Frank learns she is Mme. Vera Slavinsky. Later a woman's scream attracts Frank to the grounds. He discovers Vera in heated altercation with the foreigner (By. Carl Mueller), the latter demanding that she surrender to him "a bit of paper and a stone." Claims he has "missing fragment" and that "the others were then in the hotel." Vera denies she has them with her. Mueller in rage attacks her.

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CHAPTER III.

The Battle

"SACRE!" gasped Mueller as Bracebridge hurled himself upon him, and with sinewy muscles tore away from the slender throat of Madame Vera the murderous hand that would have choked her life out.

The rescued woman staggered against a tree, too exhausted for a moment to do more than watch the terrific struggle going on before her eyes, of which her life was the stake.

It was a silent struggle, silent for the same reason that Madame Vera repressed the screams that a woman's fears naturally drove to her lips. Not one of the three wished to have the sensation, the notoriety that would follow the coming of rescuers.

Frank Bracebridge had another reason. Over him again had come that curious psychic feeling that there must be a duel to the death between him and the man struggling in his grasp, that by his hands alone must come the punishment that the smiling devil merited.

It was a combat worthy to be chronicled, this silent struggle in the darkness of the grove surrounding the Casino.

The men were evenly matched in strength and skill. They had clinched when Frank tore Mueller's hands from Madame Vera's throat, and now they swayed back, ward and forward, each seeking to clutch the other's throat.

"Foeman worthy of my steel," quoth Mueller mockingly once when the two paused for an instant, each holding the other in an iron grip.

Through Frank's brain was humming constantly the thought: "Shall I? Dare I?"

He was thinking of an old wrestling trick taught him by his father years before, the secret of which he had sworn to that father to guard sacredly, and which he also solemnly promised never to use unless he were in danger of death.

It was a trick that, unless countered, meant the breaking of the back of the antagonist upon whom it was tried. It would be murder to try it on the man before him.

Unless—would it be murder after all? Frank pondered.

His mind went back to the mysterious words he had heard Mueller utter, the words "the maps, the stones." Frank had good reason to suspect that, if the wild guesses he dared hardly make were correct, Mueller might be one of the four or five people in the world to know the deadly wrestling trick.

Tricked!

As the two sinuous bodies swayed and writhed in the shadow of the trees no question was suddenly decided for Frank. He felt himself suddenly twist; toward Mueller while the pressure of the foreigner's elbow against the pit of his back gave him intense pain.

Mueller the trickster had had played it. Frank was in imminent peril.

But quick and cat-like as Mueller was, Frank equaled him. How he blessed the memory of his father, as he countered the trick, and regained his lost advantage.

Mueller started back in amazement.

"Ah!" he gritted, savagely, "you thought so. So you are in the nest, too, my fine fellow? Well, so much the better. I shall kill two birds with one stone to-night, that pretty cards over there, and you, my fine jay bird."

He quit the last words out with venom, and the next second had sprung at Frank with a fury so unexpected that Bracebridge was unprepared for the sudden cat-like fury with which Mueller operated.

He staggered and fell backward, carrying Mueller with him. As they fell Mueller went on upon the ground with a ferocity that would have made the philosophic observer ponder over the way men revert to primeval instincts when in anger.

But there was no one to see save the woman against whom the fight was in her eyes.

Frank on the ground was at a disadvantage. Gradually Mueller's crushing weight robbed him of wind. It was evident that the younger man would keep him busily occupied for the next few minutes, but that in the end Bracebridge must lose.

Madame Vera saw this. She did not hesitate. She slipped her hand into the bosom of her priceless lace gown and drew forth something that glittered in the pale moonlight.

She adjusted it carefully, and then with it concealed in her hand she crept close to the struggling bodies. Mueller was fairly on top of Frank now, his arms scarcely prostrate man, Frank's locked around him.

Mueller's sinewy forearm, bare to the shoulder in the struggle which had torn his shirt away, was before Madame. She grasped the arm with one slender hand and struck deep into it with the ting gleaming thing she held in the other. She withdrew it and struck again.

CHAPTER IV.

Saved!

A CRY of rage and pain broke from Mueller's lips.

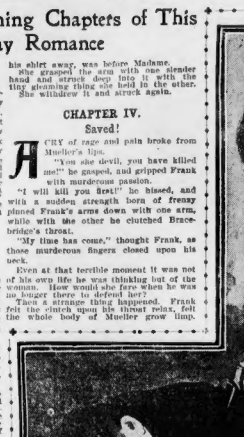
"You she devil, you have killed me!" he gasped, and gripped Frank with murderous passion.

"I will kill you first!" he hissed, and with a sudden strength born of frenzy placed Frank's arms down with one arm, while with the other he clutched Bracebridge's throat.

"My time has come," thought Frank, as those murderous fingers closed upon his neck.

Even at that terrible moment it was not of his own life he was thinking but of the woman. How would she fare when he was no longer there to defend her?

Then a strange thing happened. Frank felt the clutch upon his throat relax, felt the whole body of Mueller grow limp.



"From the bosom of her lace gown she drew something that glittered in the pale moonlight. Concealing it in her hand she crept close to the struggling bodies. She grasped the arm with one slender hand and struck deep into it with the tiny gleaming thing she held in the other"

He smiled acquiescence. The next instant he was startled to hear the shrill cry of a catbird close to his ear. It was quickly repeated, and then in the dim moonlight he saw Mme. Vera smiling.

"You!" he exclaimed quickly.

"Yes," she answered. "May I ask you to step back into the shadow of that trunk and draw the vines partly around you. I do not wish you to be seen."

"But——" said Frank, sorely puzzled.

"Please ask no questions," said Mme. Slavinsky, and Frank retreated close to the tree.

A moment or two later he heard the sound of running footsteps. Then a couple from the gaming tables and a man whom he had seen employed in the stables came up to Madame.

"Ah, we are relieved," said one of the men.

"We heard the scream and I wanted to come, but Otto said: 'No, Madame, never will there be calls, no matter what happens.'"

"Otto was right," said Mme. Vera, smiling at the croupier. "My instructions were to be obeyed explicitly, Franz." The employe of the riding stables bowed low.

"And Madame, briskly, "there is work to be done. Which of you can best come back here and help Otto to put this man (indicating Mueller) upon the train. He will be partly aroused by the time you get him to the station, but not enough to know what he is doing. You can pretend that he is very drunk and tip the porter heavily so that he will not talk too much. Send a telegram back here from New York signed Mueller, telling them to send his things to The Hollow at Morcombe, near Cleveland, O. He has recently purchased the place.

The Trip

"You will not need to go to New York, in fact, you would better get off at one of the suburbs when you see Mueller begin to awaken, for he must not recognize you.

"He will not come back here, nor will he report you, so you need fear no one coming back to your work until I send for you both."

"When they were out of sight and hearing of the peasant.

"You are wondering," she said, "many things. I am going to tell you some of them."

"I know your name, no matter how, I screamed because for once in my life I was startled by Mueller's sudden appearance behind me, when I thought him safe in the Casino. I wished to frighten Mueller. While I fear and loathe him, I did not dream that he meant to kill me to-night. I thought I was still too valuable, but he is all the more dangerous because he does not need me any more.

"He will never rest now until he kills me or is killed. He has the stolen pieces of an Indian also. He will wait for years, living in the meantime the life of an ordinary prosaic citizen until he has the chance he wants. He is a devil.

"I am going to give you a package. You look at it if you like, but will you promise me to make no use of your knowledge nor to show it to any other person until I come to you and ask for my own again? I do not dare carry it with me any longer."

"There are reasons why I will not ask you further about this, Madame," said Frank. "The time is not yet ripe for us to share our common knowledge further. As you say, we have come a long way to meet. I will accept your trust gladly. I will obey your conditions, but I will make one also. Will you command me if you ever need one?"

"I will," said Madame, frankly, giving him her hand as they reached the veranda.

"Will you wait here a moment," she said, "until I get the package from the safe in the hotel?"

She quickly reappeared with a small, oblong package, which she handed to Frank, who placed it in an inside pocket.

"I will guard it with my life," he said gravely.

"And now I must say goodby," said Madame, extending her hand. "Should you see me again, as you probably will, do not refer to this time until I bid you. Also, remember not to speak to any name until I myself give it to you. I am compelled to use several for reasons which I may perhaps some time be privileged to explain to you."

He hurried back to the Casino. Reginald was still in the same place, but there was a rapidly diminishing pile of chips before him.

Frank reached his side he threw them all on the red and beat.

He looked up at Frank dully.

"I have lost everything I won and all the money I had for the trip," he said. "What will Dad say?"

A hoarse cry from behind them made the cousins turn.

"Important telegram for Mr. Bracebridge," called the messenger.

Frank took the message open and read it, with his face and lips growing ashen.

He controlled himself with an effort and took Reginald's arm.

"Come boy," he said. "Your question is answered. Dad will never say anything to you again."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Hearst's Boston American Pattern

A MODISH UP-TO-DATE BLOUSE

No. 8,694—Quimpe effects continue to lead in the fashion world, and a design of unusual smartness is the new blouse known as the "Jumpe." Its simplicity commends it to the home dressmaker at once, as very little fitting or sewing is required, and it may be worn over the plain washable gulmpe, or the more elaborate lingerie vest. The model is shown in a development of blue taffeta over a gumpe of cream dotted net, but will be found equally well of the soft materials, such as bourrette, voile, chiffon, taffeta and crashmere. For 36-inch bust measure two yards of 27-inch material will be required.

No. 8,694—Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

To obtain this pattern, postpaid, send 10 cents and the size, name and address to HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN PATTERN DEPT., P. O. Box 230, Boston, Mass.

No. 5,694. SIZE.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Expert Advice on Health and Beauty

By the Professor

DEAR PROFESSOR:

I have a number of scattered large freckles on my face that it seems impossible for me to get rid of by the ordinary methods. I would be grateful if you could give me advice on the subject. I have tried several lotions, but they seem to do no good. LOTTA.

TRY the following:

Make a paste of olive oil and powdered alum and apply it twice daily to the freckles with a sable brush. Allow the paste to remain on the spots ten minutes.

In case the skin smarts, wash the paste off immediately with olive oil. If you find that the powder is too strong, weaken it with starch.

DEAR PROFESSOR:

Kindly tell me how to make walnut stain for darkening the hair.

BEAUTY SEEKER.

YOU can make walnut stain by using a decoction of walnut leaves, not the juice of the bark, or the nut shell, and adding to it alcohol in the proportion of one-fourth, a few bruised cloves and a little table salt. Let this digest for a week or even longer, with occasional shaking, then decant, and, if necessary, filter.

It must be kept in a cool place. When using, smear the fingers with vaseline first to prevent the stain from becoming fixed on them.

Cook Book Free For Choice Recipes

THE writer of every recipe printed below receives a copy of the BOSTON AMERICAN Economy Cook Book, a substantial indexed bankbook of 120 pages, bound in heavy oilcloth, especially designed to preserve these recipe gems in permanent form.

Write out your favorite household and cooking secrets, and win one of these books. They are well worth having. Address Economy Editor, BOSTON AMERICAN, 20 Summer street.

HAM PATTIES

ONE cup ham, chopped fine; one cup bread crumbs; one cup milk. Put the butter in gem pans, break one egg over each, sprinkle the ham and bake brown.

MRS. N. A. SHOREY,
No. 3 Baker street, Dover, N. H.

COCOANUT FUDGE

TWO and one-half cups granulated sugar, one scant cup of milk, piece of butter half the size of an egg, one cup of prepared cocoanut. Put sugar and milk over hot fire, add the butter and boil hard for four minutes, stirring all the time while cooking and continuing afterwards until the fudge is smooth and so cool it will hold its shape. Just before taking from the fire add the cocoanut and afterwards, when it begins to cool, add a teaspoon of vanilla. Pour on well-buttered plate three quarters inch thick and mark off in squares. This is very good. I make it and everyone likes it.

ALICE MOODY.
No. 47 Alvarado avenue, Worcester.

CREAMED CABBAGE

SLICE cabbage in small pieces and stew in covered saucepan until tender; drain and return to saucepan. Add a piece of rich cream, one ounce of butter, pepper and salt to taste. Simmer a few minutes then serve. Milk may be used by adding more butter.

SADIE M. LEWIS.
Route 2, Levant, Me.

POPCORN BALLS

BOIL sugar or molasses until it will harden when dropped into cold water; turn it over the corn and form into balls, or you may pour it around in a pan and cut in bars.

M. E. THOMAS.
Ossipee Valley, N. H.

EASY CHOCOLATE CAKE

ONE cup sugar, one cup milk, one egg, one and one-fourth cup flour, one teaspoon of soda, one cup of an ounce of squares of chocolate, flavor. Use only yolk of egg, white for frosting. Put sugar, a little milk and yolk of egg together and beat well; then add flour and milk, a little at a time, and flavor. Frost and place cake together.

MRS. G. P. TINE,
No. 9 Maple street, Taunton.

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MRS. G. P. TINE,
No. 9 Maple street, Taunton.

Woman Reader Protests Against Caricature of the Business Girl

Defends the Hardworking Woman Who Strives to Succeed at the Work Her Hands Find to Do

EDITOR HOME MAGAZINE:

In the issue of the "business woman," being one of them, I feel constrained to protest against the caricature of the "business woman" in your issue of the 23d inst. It seems to me that there is much good work which your paper can do without hurting and insulting honest women.

Of course, I know that the one picture of "Mother Goose" is made beautiful and pleasing, and the other of the "Business Woman" eccentric and disagreeable, in order to bring out the contrast, but is it quite fair to make one class of honest, hard-working women smart under the sting of such a caricature in order to help another class of women?

I have lived all my life in a city near Boston, and am a "business woman" myself, or as I prefer to call it, a working woman, all my friends are business women or working girls—teachers, stenographers, bookkeepers, clerks, reporters, the hard-despised "mill" girl, in fact, women of almost every walk and calling in life.

But of all the "business women" I know, I know of not one who looks anything like the caricature in the AMERICAN. I know of not one who entered into her work or life with any eccentric ideas of a "career" in her head.

We take up these various lines of work for the very simple and very practical reason that we have to earn our bread and butter, we must earn it ourselves by the sweat of our brow, by the work of our minds or the labor of our hands, and so, "we do with our might what our hands find to do."

I myself am a daughter of a laboring man, who gave me the best he could afford—a high school education, and understanding I went into a business office and have worked up to where I hold a position that a responsible position as bookkeeper and confidential clerk, and I feel confident that if I intended to follow up my "career" as a business woman, I have reached the point where I could go forward with some degree of success.

But when Mr. Right comes along, we all drop our "careers," and become Mrs. Right. But supposing Mr. Right doesn't come along? As one of my friends (a public reader and a graduate of a Boston school of elocution) expressed it last Summer: "The ideal life is that of a good man's wife and the mother of children.

"But if God doesn't send you the man, there's no use in sitting down, crying about it—the only thing to do is to make your life the best you can."

I have in mind another friend, a teacher, who frankly says she would prefer to be married, but "it's manners to wait to be asked."

I am not disputing the fact that perhaps there are girls who have ideas of catching their beaus, but come with me, either here or in Boston, and I will show you girls of truer balance.

There may be "business women" who look like the caricature in last night's paper, but I can show you "business" or working women as well-poised, wholesome, and well dressed as any you would wish to see.

I speak from neutral ground, because of after twelve years of business life and on the whole it has been a pleasant one, as I am preparing to become this Summer the wife of my particular Mr. Right, a struggling young business man, and join my "career" to his, and give to him, along with other wifely duties, the benefit of my business ability I may have or experience I may have gained.

Regarding the question, "Is Woman's Sphere in the Home?" it is as absurd to discuss that question as it is to discuss the question, "Does the sun shine?"

Let Mr. Right wisely which our Maker gave to us women answers that question absolutely for all time. We are built to bear children, and after the child comes, God has provided that the natural way for it to receive its food is from the mother.

God has provided no other way, so we women must accept the pain, the labor and the responsibility of bringing up life to human souls into the home and favor of the Lord, and if we are faithful to our charge, He will not fail us, and we shall know and taste the joys and blessings of true motherhood.

Very truly yours,
A WORKING WOMAN.

Keep Your Hair Clean and Healthy

IF you wish to have pretty hair it is necessary to keep it clean, yet it is often injured by using too strong soap in washing.

Fill a washbowl full of warm, soft water and dissolve a teaspoonful of borax in it.

Wet the head with the water, rub enough good toilet soap on it to make a strong lather, and wash the scalp vigorously. Borax is perfectly harmless, yet it is an excellent cleanser, and very little soap is needed.

Immerse the long hair in the water, and rub it between the hands as you would a soiled garment to wash it. Rinse with warm, clear water, wipe as dry as possible with a towel, then spread the hair over the shoulders and sit near the fire, or in the open air if it is warm enough, so that it may quickly dry.

Rub a little vaseline on the hair to keep it from drying about. This restores the oil that is removed by washing; at no other time is any oil or pomade necessary. The hair should never be rolled up while it is damp.

Dandruff may be removed by the frequent application of a solution of borax, using a teaspoonful to a small cupful of water.

Rub it into the scalp, then comb and brush the hair carefully. Say rum and borax make an excellent hair tonic, stimulating the scalp to healthy action and causing the hair to grow.

GOOD WAYS TO EAT APPLES

EAT one before retiring. It will help you to go to sleep and have an excellent appetite for your breakfast.

Cut into slices and fry in lard as you would potatoes. They make a tasty side dish in this way for any kind of meat.

Chop into small bits and mix with chopped celery, watercress or chives for a Spring salad. Use a dressing of oil and lemon juice instead of vinegar.

Cut one large apple, one orange and one banana in pieces for dessert. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and mix thoroughly. Flavor with sherry or maraschino and a dash of olive oil.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

WAIT FOR THE BUSINESS

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a young lady twenty-two, engaged to a gentleman since the first of this year. Now my people think I should be married by June, as he tells me he wants to have a business of his own before the marriage, but I am the one to set the date. Now I don't know if I should wait before June or wait until he has a business of his own. I have been going with him three years and love him very much, and he has only been in business a few months, sometimes about nothing.

CONSTANT READER.

YOU have only been engaged a short time and I think you would be wiser to wait until he has his own business, unless he is making a good enough salary for you to expect him to save money for after you are married. Talk it over with him and decide for yourself without consulting anyone else. You two are the ones most concerned.

SHE MUST WAIT

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A lady friend of mine, who is a stenographer, and who is past eighteen years of age, asked me the following question, which question I refer to you. This friend of mine is acquainted with a young man two years her senior; she has known him about a year, but it is about two months since she has known him to speak to. She wishes to come to some understanding, and does not want to go out with different young men all the time. She loves this gentleman and he returns the very much. Is it proper for her to ask his intentions?

M. C. R.

THERE is nothing for your friend to do but wait. It would be very strange for her to ask the young man his intentions. She would gain nothing by doing so.

Pimples Blackheads Enlarged Pores

All Skin Blemishes, no matter from what cause or how long standing, speedily, permanently cured to stay cured by expert specialists.

If you know any one who has a Disfigured Face tell them it costs nothing to call or write and find out what can be done.

58 Winter St., Boston
John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute

ROCKEFELLER HELD UP FOR AUTO SPEEDING

William G. Haled to Police Station, Gives Cash Bail for His Chauffeur.

ACQUITTED "SCORCHING"

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—The police trap for speeding autos was set on St. Nicholas avenue yesterday when a big red car with four persons in it came whizzing along. Policeman Mara stepped in front of the machine and it came to a stop.

"You have been traveling at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour and I must place the chauffeur under arrest," said the policeman.

Two men, dressed exactly alike, were in the front seat and a woman and little boy were in the rear. The policeman led the way to the police station. The one who said he was chauffeur gave his name as John Dahlberg, the other man asked: "Is there any way in which this man can be bailed out?"

"Why, yes; if you get bondsmen for him it will be all right," answered the sergeant.

"Well, couldn't I be his bondsman?" asked the man.

"That all depends on whether you have $100 worth of property, or $100 worth money," replied the sergeant, doubtfully.

Plunging his hand under the soiled driver the man stepped behind the desk, tore off one and tossed it on the desk.

"Just sign this bail bond," said the sergeant. The man stepped behind the desk and wrote, "William G. Rockefeller, No. 26 Madison avenue," and under the space for "occupation" he put "Oil business, No. 26 Broadway."

Mr. Rockefeller took Mara's number and drove off with his wife and child.

THE PEOPLE'S LOBBY.

E. GERRY BROWN. W. N. OSGOOD. PROF. PARSONS. J. T. AUERBACH. G. S. M'FARLAND.

CARRYING out its promise made at the State Convention last Fall, the Independence League of Massachusetts has arranged to maintain at the State House counsel who will look after the interests of the people as the interests of the powerful corporations are looked after. Mr. Brown, who was the recent candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, will devote his attention especially to matters affecting the interests of organized labor. Professor Parsons is the best-known expert in the United States on questions involving the public ownership of public utilities. Some of the best lawyers in Boston have studied under him. He has the respect and admiration of all members of the bar, even of those who oppose his public ownership theories. The three other members of the People's Lobby are lawyers who are members of the executive committee of the Independence League.

LEAGUE CALLED TOOL OF SHOE MACHINE TRUST

Lawyer Declares It Was Forced on Manufacturers to Beat Legislation.

MEN FEAR TO MAKE FIGHT

That the Massachusetts League of Shoe Manufacturers is the creation of the United Shoe Machinery Company, and was forced upon the shoe manufacturers for the express purpose of compounding influence to be employed in defeating legislation detrimental to the United Shoe Machinery Company is the startling statement made by ex-Gov. EBEN S. DRAPER to-day to T. Hart Anderson.

"I am sure that the Massachusetts League of Shoe Manufacturers is an organization that was instigated by the United Shoe Machinery Company and forced down the throat of the manufacturers," said Mr. Anderson in his office in the Tremont Building.

"This organization will be employed to fight the bills introduced into the Legislature by Senator Morse of Haverhill and others. These bills aim to restrict the right of contract between the shoe manufacturers and the manufacturers of shoe machinery.

"Because all of the manufacturers saw through the scheme and none assembled the United Shoe Machinery people will present their bills to the Judiciary committee when the proposed legislation comes up. It will readily be seen that none of the manufacturers want the new laws and none assembled to express approval of them.

"Furthermore, the United Shoe Machinery Company will assert that the Massachusetts League of Shoe Manufacturers comprising two score of prominent manufacturers in existence to-day favors it strongly against the bills introduced.

"The League of Shoe Manufacturers is against the legislation introduced against the United Shoe Machinery Company. If it is good policy for that corporation has got from where it wants them and they have no choice in the matter.

Made In Porto Rico From Porto Rican Tobacco

That's one thing that's sure about El Toro cigars—something extremely doubtful about the many so-called "Porto Rican" brands.

The recent *increased cost* of Porto Rican leaf is responsible for the many brands of doubtful quality now being rushed on the market.

EL TORO
Cigar—5 Cents

is the *one* cigar you can be *sure* is genuine *Porto Rican*—in name and quality.

El Toro represents the *best* 5-cent cigar that Porto Rico can produce. Smokers of El Toro cigars know how far superior this brand has always been to any cigar sold for 5 cents.

This year's Porto Rican tobacco crop is better than ever before and only the choicest selections are used in the El Toro. For this reason the El Toros now on the market are particularly recommended to smokers.

EL TORO
Irene-Finos (Exact size and shape). Also made in Panetela and Panetela Finas

Every *El Toro* is now *banded*. This is the cigar that has done so much to popularize Porto Rican cigars among discriminating smokers.

Porto Rican-American Tobacco Company
MANUFACTURERS
San Juan, Porto Rico.

DEATH TAKES JUDGE JOHN W. BERRY OF LYNN

WELL-KNOWN JURIST SUCCUMBS TO CONGESTION OF LUNGS AND HEART DISEASE.

Judge John W. Berry of the Lynn District Court died at his home, No. 113 Franklin street, Lynn, at 8:20 o'clock this morning, from congestion of the lungs aggravated by heart disease.

Judge Berry has been ill for two weeks. For the past four or four days his death has been expected at any time. At first his illness was diagnosed as a case of simple grippe, but later congestion of the lungs developed. He was born in Lynn, September 21, 1836. He attended the common schools and then later, like thousands of young men in Lynn, he obtained work in the shoe factories. Unlike most of these young men he decided his evenings to study at home.

Later he took up law, still working hard all day. He took a course of law in the Harvard Law School, and then read law with Judge Peabody, who, at that time, was clerk of the Probate Court in Salem. In 1866, Mr. Berry was admitted to the bar, surmounting obstacles that would have daunted the majority of men.

He practised law in Lynn and Boston until 1884, building up for himself a good practice. In 1884 he was elected City Solicitor of Lynn, and this office he held until 1888.

When Judge Roland E. Harmon resigned as judge in the Lynn District Court, Mr. Berry was appointed in his stead. He had been a trial justice of the court since 1879, being placed in that position by Governor Talbot.

Judge Berry served ten years as a member of the Lynn School Committee, and was on the Board of Trustees of the Public Library. He was long connected with the Park Club. His private office was in the Prescott Block, City Hall square, where he occupied the room once used by R. T. Thatcher Graves of the Mrs. Barnaby murder fame.

SAYS BOSTON DRINKS GERM-LADEN MILK

Dr. Harrington, in Lecture, Declares Fever Epidemic Due to Filth in Dealers' Cans.

Declaring with no mincing of terms that the recent epidemic of scarlet fever that played havoc in Boston and the suburbs was due to germ-impregnated milk sold by careless dealers of gallons daily by a local wholesale establishment, Dr. Charles H. Harrington of the Massachusetts State Board of Health yesterday astounded his hearers at a public lecture in the Harvard Medical School.

The eminent investigator also showed that a large per cent. of the mortality among Boston infants during the Summer months was due to the bad milk bought from local dealers.

A teaspoonful of milk taken from a dairy not a dozen miles from the centre of Boston, the lecturer announced he had found by experiment and calculation to contain one hundred million bacteria.

In fine, the process of supplying milk to the public was, on the testimony of the expert, "enough to kill a dog."

Milk in Beer Barrels.

I have known of dairies from which some of the milk consumed in Boston came where old beer barrels were used as receptacles, and water buckets, fortified for their cleansing function with half an inch or more of grease, were used for the same purpose," said Dr. Harrington.

The trouble with the milk supply of Boston can be summed up hastily," he continued. "It is simply dirty, and poor methods are employed in cooling and storking the product.

"This condition exists because the public does not care, and because dirty milk brings just as good prices as clean milk. Yet if the public would insist on clean milk, and would pay for clean milk, 40 per cent. of our infant mortality would be avoided.

"Fever Due to Impure Milk."

"The fever in the recent large amount of of sickness in Boston, Cambridge, Somerville and Everett has been carefully investigated. The result is the conclusion that the abnormal amount of scarlet fever —902 cases in the second week of the siege, or ten times as much as during the first week—was due to milk bought from a large wholesale dealer.

"It may be said that there is more than reasonable evidence for believing that this outbreak came from infection in the milk."

The doctor concluded his lecture by showing a set of screen pictures depicting the filthy conditions in dairies within half an hour's ride from the offices of the State Board of Health.

CHARGES DRUNKENNESS FREQUENT AT FOXBORO

EX-PATIENT AND NURSE DECLARES INMATES AND ATTENDANTS GOT LIQUOR FREELY.

That Foxboro patients had access to liquor and that drunkenness was common in the institution will be one of the charges of the prosecution at to-morrow's hearing at the State House. An ex-patient, who was a graduate from a medical school before becoming an inmate, will testify to this and many other matters of alleged neglect and abuse, if his name is not publicly used.

He also says that while an inmate he was entrusted with the sole care of a typhoid fever patient, administering medicines and liquor at regular intervals and, being overcome by temptation after the first half day, he took a drink every time a spoonful was given the sick man. This ex-patient said to a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter:

"It was very easy to obtain liquor at Foxboro. Once when Dr. Woodbury's family was away I secured the key to his private cellar and found there every sort of fine liquor and beer and even appollinaris water and soft drinks. The display of spirits astonished me.

"I have seen regular attendants at the institution under the influence of liquor at all hours of the day. One whom I have in mind used to get so intoxicated that at certain intervals was prescribed for him and I, as inmate, seemed to be the logical nurse because of my knowledge of medicine, being a graduate from a medical school. Certainly I was willing, for when I gave the patient a drink I always took one myself.

"When he was nearly recovered, it was suggested between us that whiskey was getting too pleasant for our tastes, so he complained about the taste of it and brandy was therefore procured, supplied and I came in for my share.

"The abuse of patients became an ordinary thing at the institution. An assistant superintendent of one of the wards, whom I shall name at the right time, was the ward man for the position. He ever saw an ordinary performance for him to take the hose from the fire extended first to one, then to another, then to all, with an oath at about every other word.

"I want you to understand that what I say goes here. When I want you to be discharged you will be discharged and not a bit sooner. You're in for 90 days and the place for you fellows is breaking stone in a penitentiary. Sick ——? You are a lot of ——. You ought not to be allowed to work until you drop dead.' And the inmates had to stand it or come in for punishment.

"Much has been said about insufficient and bad food. Take it from me that the stomachs of the men released were in such condition that for the first month they found it impossible to eat in square meal. Accustomed to believe that they were going to go there to be recruited up. Instead they found themselves in a state of nutrition dire, they were overworked and half-starved and after but two short months left the hospital than to return to the duties of life."

OIL TRUST CRIMES BARED IN REPORT

Continued from First Page.

in favor of the Standard resulting from the published rates were found.

Some of Standard's Methods.

"Some of the methods of competition indulged in by the Standard are as follows:

"The Standard has repeatedly, after becoming the owner of a competing company, continued to operate it under the old name, carrying the idea to the public that the company was still independent and competing with the Standard. It has used such purchased or independently organized companies to aid in the destruction of such companies reducing prices. The Standard has additionally secured the injury of rivals' competition in a particular locality, while maintaining its prices at other places.

"It has paid employes of independent oil companies for information as to the business of those competitors, and has paid employes of independent companies to secure the adoption of its oil in preference to that of its competitors. It has followed every barrel of independent oil to destination. Its agents are instructed to secure customers at any sacrifice.

"It has tampered with the oil inspectors in different States. The laws of several States concerning the inspection of oil are singularly defective, and this has been turned to profit by the Standard.

Unfair and Disreputable.

"The Commissioner's only knowledge of the competitive methods of the Standard Oil Company is obtained from evidence taken under oath in this investigation. The Standard was given permission to explain or refute the facts. This evidence, if true, demonstrates that the competitive methods of the company in the past have been unfair and even reputable, as to be resented, but that he could not compete with it here.

"The Standard buys advertising space in many newspapers which it fills, not with advertisements, but with reading matter prepared by agents kept for that purpose and paid for at advertising rates as ordinary news.

May Have to Fix Rates.

"As to no other important traffic is there an approach to the monopoly of the Standard Oil Company in that of oil. Under these conditions it may become necessary to the uprooting of established wrongs and the prevention of others that the government shall fix in the first instance the rates and regulations for the transportation of this traffic. This method has been adopted by the legislature of one State.

"It will probably be found necessary to discriminate in the case of oil, as in that of other commodities, the function of transportation from that of production and distribution. What other remedies in addition to those already provided it may be necessary to prescribe can be better determined in the near future by the results of experience in administering the present law."

WOMAN ROBBED PITIES WIFE OF ACCUSED MAN

Brutally attacked and robbed within 100 yards of her home in Medford by three men, Mrs. Jennie F. Clark has urged the police to drop the prosecution against her husband, Frederick Clark, who is alleged to be one of the trio. The robbery occurred on the night of the 16th, and Clark was arrested on the charge of assault with intent to rob. Mrs. Clark was attacked near her home early Sunday morning, after returning from a shopping tour in Boston. The three men are believed to have been fellow passengers with Mrs. Clark on an electric car. One of them offered to lend the bundles with which Mrs. Clark was burdened. Mrs. Clark alighted from the car near Albion street and started to walk to her home, having received her packages from the stranger.

JAPS VICTIMS OF EPIDEMIC

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—An epidemic of cholera has broken out among the Japanese fishermen of the Philippines, having the last week 115 cases have been discovered, with eighty-nine deaths. Only one death occurred during the week in the city of Manila, the greater number being reported from Iloilo and Capiz.

BALL CLUB FOR PORTLAND.

AUGUSTA, Me., Jan. 28.—The Portland Baseball Association has filed incorporation papers here. The association is capitalized at $10,000.

'DEAD' 9 HOURS, PATIENT LIVES

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—That Rev. William Randolph, pastor of the Reformed Church at West Nyack, N. Y., is alive to-day he owes to the persistence of a physician and three nurses, who refused to consider his case hopeless after he had actually stopped breathing and when to all appearance he was dead.

Mr. Randolph suffered an attack which later developed into pleuro-pneumonia. At a critical stage of his illness, the minister stopped breathing, and to all appearances was dead. Dr. L. B. Bradford, with the assistance of three nurses, worked over the patient, producing artificial respiration, for nine hours. Mr. Randolph is now recovering.

EXPLOSION IN ROYAL PALACE

BELGRADE, Servia, Jan. 28.—A mysterious explosion occurred at the palace Saturday evening, which shattered many windows of the building.

It was given out that the explosion resulted from leaving a quantity of gunpowder and cartridges too near a stove in the private apartments of the Crown Prince, but this story is doubted. Nobody was injured.

PLAN NEW BLUE LAWS TO ALLOW SUNDAY SPORT

Legislative Committee to Favor Barring All Theatrical Performances Even for Charity.

The report of the Sunday law recess committee of the Legislature, which will be made shortly, will contain clauses which will bar all Sunday theatrical performances, whether for charity or not, though it will allow the moving of necessary theatrical baggage and scenery between 11 o'clock Sunday morning.

The committee's report will favor allowing sports, for which no admission fee is charged by spectator, to be indulged in after 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the Lord's day. Also outing fishing, base ball and golf will be permitted.

Lectures, pupular band concerts or performances of sacred music by recognized societies on the Sabbath will not be placed under the ban.

The minority report of the committee wants Sunday laid to be ripped out with a bang, allowing all kinds of Sunday theatrical performances. The other matters both parts of the committee agree.

CHURCH CLUB WILL GIVE MINSTREL SHOW

The St. Philip's Church Glee Club of the South End are to give a minstrel show in the Dudley Street Opera House to-night and to-morrow night. The club, which has a membership of about fifty, is to be assisted by some of the city's most prominent men, such as Aldermen James F. Curley, Cosgrossman Andrew J. Peters, Senator F. J. Bromberg, Senator T. F. Curley and James H. Doyle.

CHARITY BALL FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN

The annual "Charity Ball" in aid of the Helping Hand Temporary Home for Destitute Jewish Children will be held in Mechanics' Hall on Huntington avenue on next Wednesday evening, January 30. This affair is the largest Jewish charitable ball of the season, and is patronized by hundreds of the most prominent Jewish families in Boston.

AMUSEMENTS.

TREMONT THEATRE
TONIGHT and All the Week. Mat. WEDNESDAY
The Master Comedian & Co., Inc., Presents
HENRIETTA CROSMAN
As Peggy O'Mara, who finds, "It is a mistake to be natural."
ERNEST DENNY'S NOTABLE COMEDY SUCCESS
ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY
A Big London Hit at the Duke of York's Theatre.
Curtain at 8. Carriages at 10:30

MAJESTIC THEATRE TONIGHT AT 8
SPECIAL MATINEE WEDNESDAY
LAST APPEARANCES OF
MRS. FISKE
And the Manhattan Company presenting
THE NEW YORK IDEA
Next Week—Seat Sale Tomorrow
DIVORCONS | HAPPY HOPPER | LAND

COLUMBIA THEATRE
Burlesque and Vaudeville
THE MERRYMAKERS
EVERY TUESDAY WRESTLING | FRIDAY THE AMATEURS
SMOKING ALLOWED
Reserved Orchestra Seats 25c

TONIGHT Another exciting and Thrilling Amateur Race
Going to keen shape it will be without doubt a hair raising finish.
PARK SQ. RINK
Ad.10 Cts.

Castle Sq. Daily at 2 and 8
The Great German Military Drama
TAPS
Prices, 75c, 50c, 25c, 15c.
Tel. Tr. 5. Dress Pan Office, 15 Winter St.
Next Week—RAFFLES

BOSTON THEATRE
Lawrence McCarty ..... Lessee & Manager
Nights 7:45. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2
Klaw & Erlanger's Stupendous
BEN-HUR
400 People in Production
20 Horses in Chariot Race

GLOBE Evening Prices, 25c–50–75
Hastie & Mitchell's Original Production,
THE WIZARD OF OZ
The Greatest of all Musical Extravaganzas
Handsome Souvenir to Ladies Tonight.
Next Sunday Night—Big 25-50c Concert

HOWARD
Matinees and Best Seats and Lillian Du Witt, Hayward, Conroy and Hayward, Pongo and Leo, Barry Brown Howard Burlesquers and others. Always something doing from 1 to 11.

BOWDOIN SQUARE THEATRE
Every Afternoon at 2. Every Evening at 8.
THE SCOUT'S REVENGE
Any Seat in the House 25c.
Next Week—HER FATAL SIN."

LYCEUM—Paris by Night
Daily 2:15 and 8 P. M. Tel. 30 Or.
Orchestra Seats 50c.

AMUSEMENTS.

TELEPHONE OXFORD 5 OR 6 FOR SEATS
PERCY WILLIAMS' ORPHEUM
"Modern Vaudeville" All Seats Reserved
Nights at 8. 50c. Matinees Daily at 2, 25c.
First Time in Boston, Here Direct from Proctor's
HENRI DeVRIES
Assisted by Miss Cora Draper in the Playlet
"A CASE OF ARSON"
MASON-KEENAN & CO. Herbert Brooks BELL-PEVESTOS VITAGRAPH
THE KINSONS
HERBERT ARTHUR Howard & North Gardner and Stoddard THE BELL RINGS
GRAND CONCERT SUNDAY

KEITH'S
The Electric Marvel
VOLTA
His Stunts Are Startlingly Original
For the Children
Polly Pickle's Pets
Vaudeville's Prettiest Posture Act
Eva Williams and Jas. Tucker, John McVeigh and Nellie Daly, Melville Ellis and Nellie Bedford, Three Troupes, Juliette Pierpont, Wm. Hoban, Nichols Sisters, Kinodrome.
Next Sunday Night—Concert in Aid of the Home of the Aged Guardian

PARK THEATRE
Evgs. 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2
LAST 12 NIGHTS
MAY IRWIN IN Mrs. Wilson-Andrews
A COMEDY WITH MUSIC

COLONIAL THEATRE TONIGHT AT 8:15
CHARLES FROHMAN Presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE
CLYDE FITCH'S Comedy
CAPTAIN JINKS
SAT. MAT. AT 2.
Special Mat. Thurs., Jan. 31, at 2
"A DOLL'S HOUSE"

HOLLIS ST. THEATRE
ISAAC B. RICH ..... Proprietor and Manager
Tonights at 8. Wed. & Sat. Mats. at 2
WILLIAM FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring American Play
SQUAW MAN
550 Performances in New York.

TONIGHT
Tremont Temple at 8 O'clock
MACONDA
(Piano Drama Soprano)
VAGABONDLAS
(Unrivalled Male Quartette)
BOSTON LUCKUM COLUMBS

BIJOU Daily 2 and 8
JOHN CRAIG CO. in HOYT'S A BRASS MONKEY
Prices Quiet.
Few Moving Pictures Between the Acts
Next Week—Jason's "AN ENEMY of the PEOPLE"

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Evgs at 8; 20c, 30c, 50c, $1
Mats. Thurs., Thurs., Sat. at 2
Mats. Jan. Friday, 20c, 25c, 50c
Sensational Emotional Drama
HOW HEARTS ARE BROKEN
Next Week—Big house of laughs

$1.75 FIRST CLASS JOY LINE TO NEW YORK EVERY WEEK-DAY
Ticket Office, 214 Washington St. Phone Main 2324

PALACE
Boss Ton Burlesquers
Prices 10 to 50c.

THREE BOYS HAD ECZEMA OF HEAD

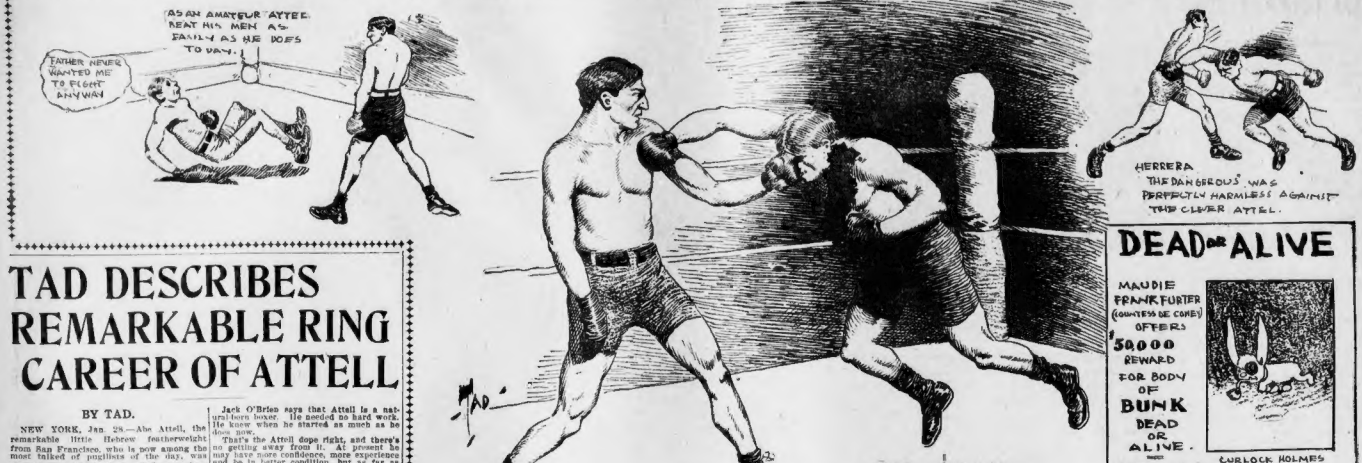
One Mother's Trials—Little Ones Treated at Dispensary for Three Months—Did Not Seem to Improve—Suffered Five Months.

ALL WERE PERFECTLY CURED BY CUTICURA

"My three children had eczema for five years. The little sore would appear on the head and spread very itchy, forming a scab every day. The baby had had it about a week when the second boy took the disease and a few days later the first child. The baby took it. For the first three months I took them to the X—— Dispensary, and they told me that the children had ringworm, but they did not seem to improve. Then I heard of the Cuticura Remedies, and I thought I would write for them. I got the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment I bathed the children's heads with warm water and Cuticura Soap and then applied the Cuticura Ointment. In a few days they had improved, and when their heads were well you could see nothing of the sores.

WHOLE WORLD OF SPORTS COVERED FOR THE BOSTON AMERICAN BY ITS CORPS OF EXPERTS

ATTELL WAS A CHAMPION WHEN HE FIRST FOUGHT, AND IS JUST AS GOOD TO-DAY—BY TAD.


AS AN AMATEUR ATTEL BEAT HIS MEN AS EASILY AS HE DOES TO-DAY.
FATHER NEVER WANTED ME TO FIGHT ANYWAY
HERRERA THE DANGEROUS WAS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AGAINST THE CLEVER ATTEL.
ATTEL MEETS HIS OPPONENTS RUSH STABBING HIM WITH LEFTS. HE JABS THEM WITHOUT THE LEAST EFFORT.
TAD

TAD DESCRIBES REMARKABLE RING CAREER OF ATTELL

BY TAD.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—Abe Attell, the remarkable little Hebrew featherweight from San Francisco, who is now among the most talked of pugilists of the day, was as good the night he first pulled on a glove as he is to-day.

This seems a remarkable statement to make, but nevertheless it is true. Seven years ago in Alec Greggain's amateur club on Sixth and Harrison streets, in Frisco, Abe was given his first chance. He was a messenger boy at the time and the tough kids who were then fighting laughed their heads off at him because one of them had seen Abe training with a high collar. He really had no time to train, and while delivering his messages made that his road work too. He had three brothers who were daffy on the light game and every fight that Abe engaged in these three noisy brothers also battled in the corner.

Well, as to fighting, without a bit of loshing, he was a marvel. You can't understand him being as good then as he is now, but his record proves it.

At that time we used to go to Greggians' Club just to see poor tramps get knocked out. None of them seemed to know any more about boxing than a turtle does about phonetic spelling. When Attell entered we thought the same old thing was to come off, but there was a surprise due.

Won in Two Rounds.

He met one of the neighborhood featherweights, and in two rounds it was over. The other fellow came up with a sneer, danced around a bit, feinted once or twice and flopped to the mat like a log. To say that the sent was surprised is letting it go easy. He clambered up again and tried to find the clever Hebrew. Nix. To him it seemed that there was no opponent, and that they were tossing gloves at him from the gallery.

In the second round he went down again as clean as ever a boy was dropped. A left hook did it, and the kid was counted out.

Week after week Attell fought at Greggian's Club, and just as regularly as he floxed another K. O. was added to his record.

True, he had some awful lemons to fight, but none of them ever made him quit. He was so far above them as a boxer that they couldn't even see him. He went right through the gang in Frisco the way a butcher would go through a chunk of cheese. He left, after cleaning out the local gang and went to Denver, where Nixon and others there and then returned to Frisco to meet Hanlon, Herrera and Foy. He was still victorious and came to New York and Philadelphia. He was the same Attell. He was merely better men, but he fought with the same ease and grace that he did on the first night.

Battling Nelson says that no one ever gave him as hard a fight as Attell did for six rounds.

Jack O'Brien says that Attell is a natural-born boxer. He needed no hard work. He knew when he started as much as he does now.

That's the Attell dope right, and there's no getting away from it. At present he may have more confidence, more experience and be in better condition, but as far as his fighting goes he has improved in no way.

With his hands at his side watching the other fellow like a hawk, picking and pecking at every opening, pulling away out of dangerous swings and occasionally closing inside the other man's leads, Attell has walked from the bottom to the top. His recent knockouts of Baker and Walsh have moved him up higher, and now it's a real question whether there is a man of his weight in the world with a chance against him.

Sharkey's Narrow Escape.

Don't say that Tom Sharkey is a bit tight with his roll. Wednesday night, at the McGovern benefit, Tom sat in the press row, and while Billy Brady was auctioning off the cartoons of Terry he got to $75, and was calling for more.

"$100," yelled Tom Sharkey. "Gimme a cigar," piped Tom to the fellow next to him. He nervously grabbed the cigar, lighted it and was looking like a first steamboat when the auctioneer tried to get a higher bid.

"One hundred dollars I am offered." Much smoke and struggling in the Sharkey seat.

"One hundred dollars. Am I bid any more?" Sharkey had the cigar halfway down his throat and was smoking harder than ever.

"One hundred dollars for this cartoon;" once, twice"

Sharkey pulled harder than ever on the pill, his eyes smoke out and he was just about to swallow it altogether when Sam Harris raised the bid to $125.

Tom dropped the pill then, sat up easy in his chair, and really began to notice things as of yore.

It was a narrow escape, Tom, old boy.

Joke on Police.

The biggest joke of the night at the McGovern benefit was the butting in of one of our Police Commissioners on a phony account pulled off by Joe Bernstein and Young Griffo. He was given the he, ha, that he will remember until his beard is specked. Griffo and Bernstein were boxing and began to play that old joke knock-out. Joe fooled and Griffo looked serious, trying to put Joe away. The gallery yelled and the wise Police Commissioner jumped on the ring apron, rushed to the ringside and frantically waving his hands, ordered the bout stopped.

Up in Kalamazoo you might excuse it, but here in New York where our Commissioners are supposed to be wised up—well, it is any wonder that fakes pull off real fakes when they fail for it like that?

BUTMAN A BIG SHOE CITY STAR

That fast Somerville boy, "Big Ed." Butman, who was a star at first base for Haverhill last Summer, may play again with one of the speedy New England League clubs. But, who was one of the "Brickyard Patch" crop of baseball kings, over near Somerville, hits sharp and fields clean. "My, how fast that big guy goes," chirped the Shoe City fans when Butman jumped into his first Haverhill battle last year.

HARVARD TRACK TEAM LOST TWO

The Harvard track team has lost two of its best men, R. L. Young, Jr., the best 440-yard runner for the Crimson, and Jim Doyle, who with O. F. Rogers are relied upon for the low hurdles event. Young, while out for a little cross-country practice last Saturday, broke a small bone in his ankle and will not be able to compete in any of the coming meets this year. Doyle has been placed on permanent probation on account of deficiency in scholarship.

RUMOR MONGERS WAXING VERY SUSPICIOUS OF RILEY

'FRISCO AWAITS PROMOTER MIKE

BY W. W. NAUGHTON.

By Boston American Leased Wire.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 28.—Whether through innocence or design Mike Riley of Tonopah has contrived to place fully a score of prominent boxers on the anxious seat. When Riley reached out for the Britt-Gans match he announced that the event in question was to be the centre piece of a mammoth pugilistic bench show to be held in the world-famous gold camp in the middle of March.

Fighters in every class from the midgets to the eighty-one toners were to be sent together in the blue ribbon events and what between championships and certain raisers, or ring warmers, the fistic slush fest was to be cleaned up so completely that there would be nothing in the way of a glove combat left to decide.

In pursuance of this scheme Riley kept the wires jingling and each hour of each day was asked how he would like to hook up with his particular rival, whoever it happened to be, for a well-filled purse.

The thing reached such a stage that fighters took to turning down the purses that are forthcoming all the year around from points outside the mineral belt.

"Declined with thanks; I have an engagement at Tonopah," was the reply that greeted many an offer of work, and the average promoter began to feel that Riley and the likes of him was responsible for a rash of pampered pugilists.

But there is a rift in the loot. The wires from Tonopah ceased clicking ten days ago and the ring men who believed they were in line for profitable engagement are up in the air. To many inquiries sent from San Francisco Riley replied that he "would be in town in a few days," but up to the time of writing he has not put in an appearance.

It begins to look as though the mammoth tourney idea has been abandoned and that the Britt-Gans championship will be the only one decided in the Tonopah arena in March. Some persons are pessimistic enough to think that the Britt-Gans affair is in none too good a shape, and, all things considered, the rumor mongers are hardly to be blamed for waxing suspicious. When wholesale matchmaking by wire ceases suddenly and when by way of explanation the promoter telegraphs "Am coming to town" and then does not drift in by the time for the gossips to begin putting this and that together, • • •

Jimmy Britt has made up his mind to stay at Byron Springs until well along in February. He was joined there last Friday by his old chum, Tiv Kreling, and the structure which covers the swimming pool has been converted into an up-to-date gymnasium.

Britt was always partial to road work and put in many a good day on the macadamized highway before the advent of Kreling and, according to Jimmy Cal fresh, is already the effect of the outdoor exercise.

Another way Britt has taken off eight or nine pounds since he went to Byron," said Coffroth. "He is in good shape and within easy reach of the weight he has to make for Gans. The fellows who reckoned that Britt would have trouble making 133 do not know the game like Britt is not like bolled and he merely shows up fine, so far as carrying in his face and neck. It doesn't take long to put him in proper fix after a spell of illness. In this particular case it should be remembered that Britt was in training for several weeks at San Rafael before he went to the Springs. By the time he lands in the ring with Gans he will have undergone fully three months of preparation. He will not only be at weight, but he will be at his very best notch physically." • • •

Britt is planning ahead for his work at Tonopah. He expects to reach the gold camp about the middle of February and he intends to go in very extensively for boxing while fitting himself for the contest. He will have for partners a man about his own weight and another much heavier. In selecting the light man he will aim to secure one who is well down with cleverness. It is believed that Tim Callahan may have the job if he can be secured. In the heavier man Jimmy will look for girl, strength and a large share of wallop.

Britt wants while training to run the gamut of everything that is likely to happen to him in his affair with Gans. He wants to accustom himself to sparring with one partner who is fast and clever and with another who will crowd him and try to hammer him down. This is a good deal of a compliment to Britt, as it suggests that Joe is master of all kinds of milling. • • •

According to all accounts Joe Gans never misses a chance of referring to his other contest with Britt as a fake. Britt is correspondingly steadfast in declaring that the fight was a fake to know nothing about it. It is not likely that either man will change his tune if he lives to be as old as Methuselah's goat, but it will be interesting to note how opinions of that contest influence Gans' pen.

Expert opinion, reflected in the sporting columns of the press, is to the effect that Gans will be a strong favorite in the coming battle. This means that the last fight as viewed by the experts was a fake. If it were not so Britt would be a favorite, for in the few rounds that were boxed Britt smothered Gans from start to finish and chested him when and where he liked.

This logic of expert opinion may not afford very pleasant food for reflection to Jimmy Britt, but the situation has its compensations. If, as Britt stoutly maintains, the former bout was a fake there is no reason why Gans should be made favorite. But money is a great bribe, and Jimmy and his friends will be able to get odds on Britt even if the fight with Gans and not experience any pricks of conscience at the thought that they are accepting a false price.

The San Francisco matchmakers are emulating Hrer Rabbit and the majority of them will not speak above a whisper until the fate of the Hartman anti-boxing measure is decided. This may mean that there will be no bouts in this city until March and, of course, if Hartman's spite measure goes through there will be none thereafter.

Occasionally one of the promoters talks in a tentative way of starting the bull rolling, but is quick to repudiate any intention of the kind when reminded by another fight handlers that the present is no time for flaunting the red rag.

The latest bit of gossip is that Morris Levy is going to dare the fates and bring Cyclone Thompson and Dick Hyland together in February. The rival lightweights are willing enough to finish the rubber—each having a victory to his credit—but no one will be any the wiser as the proceedings until the news of a permit being granted to Levy comes through the usual official channel.

As like as not Levy's next interview boiled down with be: "I never said nothing about it."

Joe Thomas has despaired of obtaining a match in San Francisco and is going East for a few days.

Jack (Twin) Sullivan and Jim Flynn of Eureka, are to have a return date at Los Angeles on March 4. This is the only decent fistic card on the cards at present—the Jack O'Brien-Tommy Burns match always excepted. McCarey is talking of signing Abe Attell and Young Sullivan.

Frank Nell says he will not put himself out of the way to get any mutual purse hunting with Jimmy Walsh, but will defend the bantam championship against the world, and bet $5,000 on the side.

Sam Berger wants to box Jack O'Brien. So does Al Kaufman.

Jack O'Brien simply says "Show me."

TOO MUCH RED TAPE, HORSEMEN SAY, FOR THE FASIG-TIPTON CUP

By Edward E. Cogswell.

Is the Fasig-Tipton cup for the fastest trotter over the snow, owned by a member of the Metropolitan Driving Club, a dead one?

If such is the case, why?

These are only a couple of the questions the members of the club passed or asking one another, but the reasons they are giving why the cup is not arousing any spirit of competition among the members are very freely spoken.

Just a week ago last Saturday the first and only contest for the trophy took place over the Charles River speedway, which was captured by Isaac Sexton with his Tom Plaix. Since then there has been plenty of real sleighing, but up to date no challenges have been forwarded to W. D. Hurt, the owner of the cup.

With this delay there is certainly a good reason for the action of the members, in justice to the donors of the valuable cup it is time the cause was well looked into. What the writer has discovered is fully covered in the following:

A general kick on the conditions made by the executive committee of the Metropolitan Driving Club.

Far too much red tape in entering to compete for the trophy.

Conditions made so it appears that the cup will be a standing monument for the members to race for as long as the club exists.

Securing the races at 2 o'clock when most of the members are unable to get away from their business and to the speed way before a half-hour later, and especially, as the cup events are best two heats in three, which at the longest would not take more than twenty minutes to decide.

In fairness to both the executive committee of the club and its members it is only just to relate that the rules hinged around the winning of the Fasig-Tipton cup cover with the idea of making the racing real contests of speed, but it might be possible the committee went too far in their zealousness.

Had they made the conditions so that entries would be acceptable to Secretary Hunt, and by him placed on the board at the club house without the challenger having to write out the "ifs" one out the other before having to win five races in a season to figure a "leg" to his credit, made the races best three heats in five, and not have the events called before 2:30, it would have been more pleasing to the members of the organization.

However, the cup is up, and the conditions have been made. If Isaac Sexton has the best trotter to snow in Tom Plaix it is only just that owners of other fast trotters should get a "look in" and have a strive the best to win, but give to him the credit of carrying off the cup in the name of the present Winter. With nobody having the courage to come and tackle him there is absolutely no reason for the existence of the trophy. With this lack of interest it will always remain the property of the Metropolitan Driving Club.

FIRST PHOTO OF FRED MARRIOTT'S WRECKED CAR, "THE BUG," AT ORMOND BEACH.

HOTEL ORMOND, Fla., Jan. 28.—Fred Marriott, the Newton autoist, who was so badly hurt in the explosion of his racer, The Bug, is on the rapid road to recovery, and if nothing unforeseen happens he will be able to leave for the North in about ten days. He has been doing remarkably well since he was taken to the Hotel Ormond in what was supposed to be a very precarious condition, after his trying ordeal on the beach last Friday, when his freak steamer went to pieces while traveling at the rate of 130 miles an hour.

Last evening Marriott was greatly comforted by the arrival of his mother and his wife, both of whom have been under a severe nervous strain since the news of the accident was wired to them. They were greatly relieved when they saw for themselves that the savoy driver was resting comfortably, and were told that no serious complications were feared.

FARLEY WON'T BE HARVARD COACH

J. W. Farley, the former Harvard football player, emphatically denied to-day that he would succeed Bill Reid as the Crimson coach next season.

"There's absolutely nothing in the report," he said to a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter. "Simply because I attended the rules committee meeting in New York with Reid meant nothing. I was there as a Harvard representative, and I do not intend to be any more active in the game than I have been.

DEAD OR ALIVE

MAUDIE FRANKFURTER (COURTESY DE CORE) OFFERS $0000 REWARD FOR BODY OF BUNK DEAD OR ALIVE.

FEDINK SAYS HE WILL NOT SLEEP UNTIL HE LANDS HIS MAN

SHERLOCK HOLMES DISGUISED AS A RABBIT ON THE TRAIL.

Dr. Hallock's

FAMOUS REMEDIES.

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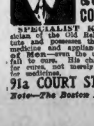

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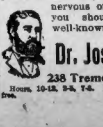

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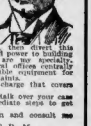

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HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

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LATEST NEWS OF THE SPORTS TOLD IN BRIEF

BASEBALL.

There is trouble brewing among the Pennsylvania outlaws, it being charged that the management of the Wilmington club is not only building the team hot for outside players, but is trying to phase the talent of some of the teams in the circuit. What is that the post says about honor among a certain class?

Manager Watkins counts upon Wm. Kellum and Leo Hafford, two ex-Reds, to help him gain honors with his Indianapolis team next season.

Nap Alcock feels confident that the outstanding sculpture graduate of the Cincinnati bottoms feared that the diamond-studded gold token presented by the commission awarded to the White Sox has been passed around and he has been overlooked. Hence after a visit to Chairman Herrmann Nochols said: It was all right.

He is not the only one who has not received that emblematic fob. The football men in the country will not have them handed out until March 4. What is that the post says about honor among a certain class?

HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

80 AND 82 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, JANUARY 28, 1907

"GOOD NIGHT!"

Simple Words—How Many Ways of Saying Them, How Many Pictures They Bring to the Mind

In thinking and speaking it is good practice to take some simple expression, dissect it and study its various meanings, the different ways of saying it.

At home, in the family this evening, or to pass a few moments of your solitude if you are alone, think of the two words "good night." Ask yourself, before you read any further in this column, how many meanings they can have, in how many ways they can be uttered, how many different human emotions they can convey, how many PICTURES they can bring to the mind.

There is the thoughtless, automatic "good night" of the man going to bed, with only sleep and rest in his mind.

There is the whispered, long-drawn-out "good night" that is heard over garden gates, at the head of flat-house staircases, in areaways, at front doors, and back doors, all over this blessedly romantic land.

There is the GOOD night of the criminal. It is the good night for him; the moon is hidden, the air is foggy, a GOOD night for BAD things.

There is the mother's "good night" to her children, always full of intense affection and meaning, never said thoughtlessly, the words accompanied by a touch of the hand that makes the tired little children feel that the night is good, indeed.

There is the desperate man's "good night" to the world that looks black to him, that he is about to leave by his own act. It is a lonely, desperate, last "good night," the "good night" of the man about to step into a night of unsolved mystery.

There is the mysterious "good night" of the conspirator, and of the patriot. Few that have heard it will ever forget the way in which the great natural orator Ashley Grace pronounced the words in "Paul Revere's Ride"—"Then he said 'Good night,' and with muffled oar silently rowed to the Charlestown shore, just as the moon rose over the bay," etc.

That "good night" of Paul Revere is the "good night" of mystery and determination. And then there is the boisterous, noisy, meaningless "good night" of the roysterers leaving the tavern. They have been busy spoiling the night, but they shout, and yell, and laugh "good night" to the lights and the drink, and the men behind them.

There is the touching "good night" when it is still almost day, of the little children that tumble downstairs, in their comic canton flannel buttoned-up-the-back night drawers, to have one last moment with the grown-up people. They look so young and fresh that it seems strange to have them even SPEAK of night.

There is the peaceful, calm, satisfied "good night" of the old man who says "good-by" to the world and to his friends, when the time has come for him to go at the end of a useful and honest life. His life ends, as Hugo says, "like the end of a beautiful day." His "good night" of farewell is a benediction to those that hear it.

There is the well-meant but silly "good night" of the lovesick swain, who screeches under her window, "Good night, good night, beloved, I come to watch o'er thee." He says he comes to watch over her, and then wakes her up with his cacophony. (That's a Greek word.) His is the idiotic "good night," but he cannot help it.

There is the short, snappy "good night" of people that part in anger.

And there is the forced "good night" that chokes in the throat of the young, inexperienced gambler, who has lost, and tries vainly to put a brave face on his despair.

There is comic vanity in the "good night" of the person offended and departing "on his dignity." How grandiloquently and foolishly he says "good night," thinking himself important.

There is the "good night" of the actor in the old plays, sending away his audience hoping they are satisfied.

And finally THIS is "good night" to our readers. They have not learned anything from this column, but they will not entirely waste their time if they carry on this line of thought, if they take other familiar sentences and see how many meanings they may have.

And the young people who want to learn expression, or the art of speaking, might perhaps try among themselves which can most accurately express these various kinds of "good night." Amusement, if not actual instruction, might be found in trying to give the various appropriate expressions to the various "good nights." What other "good night" do you think of?

After a Big Snow, Look Out!

Now Is the Time to Take Care of the Health

The arrival of the first noteworthy snow of the Winter suggests precautions which, if heeded now, may save many lives and prevent much suffering, illness and loss of time.

During the remarkably protracted spell of mild weather which has generally marked the present winter grippe and its attendant, pneumonia, have developed to a threatening degree, and the germs of disease have been widely distributed in dirty subways, dirty streets, dirty cars and dirty tenements.

A heavy snow, and especially one which comes, like the present one, at a time when the days are lengthening, and the sun is rising perceptibly higher with each succeeding noon, always brings extra peril to the health of a great city, because it cannot lie here frozen and undisturbed, as on the country fields, but must rapidly be reduced to slush and mud, which continue to foul many of the most populous quarters for days, and even weeks, on end.

This is a condition in which many germs of disease seem particularly to thrive, and when by the ordinary movement of the population they are borne from the streets into places of public resort, offices and even private houses.

The floors of street cars, subway cars, elevated trains, the stairways, the platforms—every place where muddied feet go—become loaded with dangerous deposits.

The primary responsibility for combating these conditions rests, of course, with the street cleaning department and with the management of the transit systems, and they should be given no quarter if they neglect their duty.

But each citizen can do much to protect his fellows as well as himself by not only keeping his feet dry, his body properly protected and his lungs from contamination, but also by taking care to add as little as possible to the accumulations of dirt in public places.

It could probably be shown that outbreaks of disease, which are so apt to occur after a heavy snow has choked the city's streets, and run through its long process of gradual defilement and liquidation, are often due to germs that have been carried indoors on befouled clothing and footwear.

OUR ANTEDILUVIAN ANCESTORS

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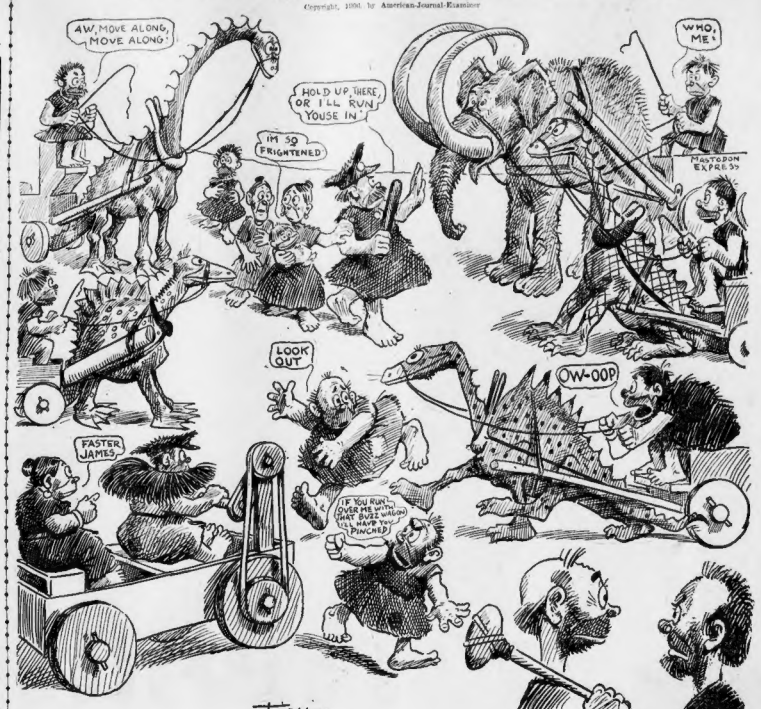
AW, MOVE ALONG, MOVE ALONG!
HOLD UP THERE, OR I'LL RUN YOUSE IN
I'M SO FRIGHTENED
MASTODON EXPRESS
WHO, ME?
LOOK OUT
OW-OOP
FASTER, JAMES.
IF YOU RUN OVER ME WITH THAT BUZZ WAGON I'LL HAVE YOU PINCHED!
F. Opper

"The streets are pretty crowded, ain't they?"
"I should say so! The traffic in Cliffville is getting to be something fierce!"

The Fallen Idol

By Wex Jones

PAST PERFORMANCES—Toledo Blide, a young American insurance man, traveling in the Orient for his health, buys an idol in Siam. It is stolen from him by a Chinaman, who throws the idol away to avoid its recapture. Falling in the river, it is swallowed by a crocodile.

CHAPTER III.

TOLEDO paused in dismay. He felt that it would be almost imprudent to go after the crocodile armed only with a suit of pajamas. So he returned slowly to the hotel, where he had a light breakfast of elephant pot roast and stewed whalebone a la chop house.

After breakfast Toledo lighted a stogie and took a chair on the veranda, to consider a way to recover his idol, for which he now felt an undying affection. In a few minutes he was approached by a man in uniform—all but his feet, which were bare—and requested to extinguish his smoke.

"The captain of the port says the steamers have to tie up in the fog," said the messenger.

Muttering over the capacity of Siamese pilots, Toledo gave the river traffic a chance to move and betook himself to the residence of a European physician, who had invented seven kinds of long and cooling drinks.

"Have you an X-ray apparatus?" asked Toledo.

The physician had.

Toledo hired it for an indefinite time and hied him to the stream with a party of eighty Siamese.

His idea was to pull the crocodiles out of the water and by means of the X-rays find the idol. When the right crocodile had been found, an operation was to be performed and the crocodile released. This procedure had been recommended by Abra Cadabra, the learned Hindoo lawyer retained by Toledo.

On reaching the river a fat Siamese youth was dangled over the bank with his legs in the water. He protested vigorously, but as Abra observed, "his remarks were entirely unwarranted, and the vaporings of a diseased mind."

When a crocodile nibbled at the bait, a rope was to be tied around it and the crowd was to pull it out.

Through lack of team work the first crocodile got away with three toes from the bait before it was securely landed. "This lamented detriment to pedal extremities of said human beggars description," said Abra, "but, nevertheless, he should be of good cheer and buy a crutch."

Toledo was about to put the crocodile under the X-rays when Abra interrupted.

"As legal adviser and barrister-at-law," he said, "would advise honorable gentleman that search warrant is sine qua non and also necessary to invade liberty of subject, since interior of said crocodile might be designated as home of before-mentioned quadruped. Signed, Abra Cadabra."

So the crocodile was freed and Toledo departed for a search warrant.

(To be continued.)

BRAGGO THE MONK

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NOW DON'T MAKE A FUSS, MATILDA! I'LL FIND A WAY TO GET IN—LEAVE IT TO ME!
YES! SMARTY! NOW HOW'RE WE GOING TO GET IN? THAT'S LIKE YOU, ALWAYS FORGETTING THE KEY!
POP FORGOT THE KEY!
WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO?
HOLD MY COATS! I'M GOING TO GET INTO THAT WINDOW OR BUST!—YOU KNOW ME!
HE FORGOT THE KEY!
HOLD HIS COAT—HE'S GOING TO FIGHT!
1
2
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE PROFESSOR AND LEARN SOMETHING
WHO SAYS I WON'T GET IN?
DO YOU WANT TO BREAK THAT CLOTHES LINE?
LANDSAKES, BRAGGO, ARE YOU CRAZY?
HOORAY FOR POP!
AIN'T POP A PIP!
AIN'T BRAGGO THE GREAT?
I'M FROM MO.
3
4
VIEW INSIDE.
I SAID I'D GET IN— AND I DID!
MERCY WHAT A SIGHT! ARE YOU HURT?
HE SAID HE'D GET IN!
HE'S IN!
MEOW
5
6
Bud Mager

HE SAID HE'D GET IN, AND HE DID.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

She Pleads for More Consideration in the Treatment of Every Manner of Dumb Animal

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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A TENDER-HEARTED correspondent writes me, begging that I say some word for the caged pets. The poor little birds, shut in narrow wire walls, are often cruelly neglected by the people who claim to love them. The cages are hung out in the sunshine during the early Spring days, and allowed to remain until after the chill of late afternoon renders the outing a discomfort and a menace to their health. They frequently stand over a dry cup with quivering wings, begging for the water which has been forgotten.

One lady complained that her canary at times seemed frightened over nothing—his wings quivered and his little open beak trembled. She was surprised when informed that this was simply the bird's way of expressing a desire to bathe, and as soon as water was provided the "frightened spells" ceased.

My correspondent says: "They may be in need of seed, water, crackers, a bit of lettuce, celery, apple, and mine enjoys a few crumbs of bread and warm coffee on cold mornings. How I have longed to do more for these little sufferers than the trifle that can be done in individual cases. Will you kindly take them under your care and call the attention of people to the matter?"

Many articles have appeared in this column regarding the rights of our animal relatives. While I am sorry for canary birds shut in their wickedly small prisons, my heart goes out with deeper sympathy to the wild bird caught and caged by savage-hearted human beings.

Why don't our Sunday schools and our public schools impress upon the minds of children the sinfulness and criminality of depriving wild birds of their freedom? The suffering of the caged thrush, the mocking-bird, or any other feathered thing accustomed to the free-born of the forest and air, beggars language. It wrings my heart to think of it.

Great good might be accomplished in our public schools if the teachers would make occasional references to this matter and impress upon the minds of young children that it is cowardly and incompatible with the highest development of noble manhood to deprive dependent creatures of their freedom merely for our own amusement.

Have Clean Dishes

CANARY birds, which have for generations been bred in cages, probably do not feel their confinement to any marked degree, and yet it seems to me the natural instinct of the feathered tribe to fly from branch to branch and to enjoy the outer world must at times assert itself in their little hearts, and they must wonder why a cage of decent size is not at least provided.

The smallest kindness that we can do for them is to see that all their wants are carefully attended to, since they depend wholly upon us for life and sustenance. Birds are naturally neat, and it must be a positive misery for them to be confined in the disorderly cages which often disfigure the otherwise orderly homes.

For birds and for all pet animals, the dishes used for their food need to be as clean as those used by human about the soiled receptacle for their food and drink, and it is impossible for any animal to keep in a good, healthy condition unless provided with plenty of fresh water daily.

A lady took a hungry street cat into her kitchen to give it a meal. The poor animal ate little, but consumed a most enormous quantity of milk and water. It would require but slight effort for kind-hearted people to set dishes of water in their yards or near the street for the benefit of tramp cats and dogs.

As this is the season when people are looking forward to the time when they will go into the country, it is well to remind them again not to desert their dogs and cats, but to put them in a home, or to see that they are quietly chloroformed—a kinder fate than to leave them in the street.

Kind to the Horse

A FEW years ago an eminent Brooklyn divine locked his house, left his pet cat outside and went to Europe to enjoy himself for the Summer. The cat was fed by sympathetic neighbors, until they also went into the country and abandoned it to its fate. It is an insult to religion for any man to be allowed to preach the Gospel of Christ. There is no separate life—all is one. From one source. If we wrong a bird, cat or dog, we have wronged the Creator.

One of the pleasing things in London was the great kindness I saw shown by drivers to their horses. Among the thousands of conveyances which filled the crowded streets during my sojourn there, the only cure was I the witness of any cruelty on the part of a driver toward his horse.

In England cabbies and coachmen are the best drivers in the world, and a great deal of their skill undoubtedly comes from kindness. The horse is a sensitive and a tender-hearted animal. It feels both mortification and resentment at a blow, and is made excitable and nervous by loud, angry voices.

The gentle, firm hand and low, soothing voice will produce greater results than whip or oath. Horses love to be petted, they are susceptible to flattery, and enjoy being praised. They are home lovers, and suffer keenly when they go into new stables and under dominion of new masters.

Every man who buys a horse should realize this, and make the same effort to win his horse's affection and sympathy that he would to win the regard of an employe, and help him to overcome his homesickness. If your horse is hard-bitted, and you are obliged to use an overcheck upon him in driving, be sure that you loosen it when going uphill or when he stands.

If you see other drivers, men or women, who have forgotten to do this, speak to them, no matter whether you know them or not. If you find a horse tied in the street with his head checked back, unchuck him, and pass on your way, feeling that you have added something to the sum of comfort in the world.